

*My Job @ the XXX Office, Brooklyn*

It was a *really* late night for me as the half-assed Custodial Engineer in the cool new fancy mega-mirror XXX office building (thin-shanked skyscraper place). Brooklyn, if you didn't know. New York.

Anyway, love scrubbing stinky showers and old coffee cups and whatnot, so it wasn't too bad. But when I got *way* hungry about 2:17 AM I went to the XXX huge LG black stainless steel French door refrigerator box, and boy did I get a shock: that spare plastic bag I found from Whisk NYC (back when I stashed more cash money than Bloomberg) had all kinds of skinny sharp XXX teeth marks on it, with Goddamned scratches!

What the hell?!

And guess what? My hard to find Defonte's spicy "Lampredotto" sandwich pair that was kindly in the Whisk bag was not only gone, it somehow got itself replaced by a big onion I'm sure was a rotten Greene Grape fake Vidalia, found in that particular store's peanut butter, even.

Can you believe all this?!

A little ol' XXX staff note was stuck on the outside of the fridge box, a blue Sticky® thing...and I'm far too modest to repeat what somebody wrote on it, but it was somethin' about Jesus and a chocolate bar doing filthy stuff you could get arrested for in a midnight casino or even a legal strip club maybe.

I was shocked. Like, goober-major shocked, here. Hell, I'd seen the XXX management team before, wearing sparkly thongs and paper hats with cute gold ribbons or somethin'...but never did I think they'd grab my personally precious Lampredotto Custodial Engineer sandwich set like they were Dennis Fuckin' Weaver at the desert diner in Spielberg's 1971 DUEL movie, or whatever.

So I called the Brooklyn cops right away (or maybe NYC; hell, I don't know) and guess who shows? Sir Patrick (Stewart) in ripply purple ascot and a silk-blur black fedora-beanie hat thing.

Far out.

I asked if he were still on *Star Trek* these days and he reminded me it was late spring 2026, which I found sorta *uuun-usual*.

So why you here, Sir Pat? *Stewart...*? He said he got a complaint via iPhone text about a missing Lampredotto batch nearby, and was right pissed about it because somebody'd also been stealing his very *own* personal Lampredotto bits, too! Yes, his favorite pretty collection of pimento cheese biscuits and bread wrapped and tidy hidden and all, so so gone.

Damn.

For a long while Sir Pat suspected XXX staff for fucking with his food at this new highrise they shamelessly bought (wearing those sparkly thongs and all) but now it was over: Pat was tonight gonna hide in the LG fridge, and when one of those XXX management opened it up?

BAM! "*Disengage!!*"

Okay, so...can *I* hide with ya in the fridge, Sir Pat...of Stewart? He was fine, long as I didn't wear some kinda Loro Piana Voyager cashmere or a silly donut-house backpack on my backside. "And please bring a very fine cigarette, do you mind? Cannabis, of course."

So we got in the fridge and waited for the XXX staff to go for the gusto. We even shared a sweet "Blue Zushi" dope ciggy I happened to find stupid hidden earlier, next to XXX boss-guy toilet.

*Man* was it good. Then me and Sir Patrick waited. And waited.

Trouble is it's Goddamned Christmas now, and we're both still camped in that XXX fridge! Yeah, me and Pat of Stewart *both* been stuck in the box since around early Halloween...and while the food's pretty good we're starting to think the XXX personnel outfit was caught in a quantum shampoo tactical assault, maybe like the rest of Hudson River secret spots. Shhh...!

Then the hour came when me and Sir Pat heard those dancers formerly trained by lovely-beloved Geoffrey Holder (RIP) stomping all over the XXX employee cafeteria. And causin' quite a ruckus. They even had loud steel drums bangin' wild tunes.

Me and Pat Stewart both decided it was maybe time to get out the LG XXX super-fabulous fridge. It was winter 2026 by now, after all.

Guess we'll both go and grab a Lampredotto or two. At Defonte's, you know.

End.